

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It is the greatest triumph of the nineteenth century, discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.

Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Birmingham, N. Y., on every bottle.

A GREAT RAILWAY.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway owns and operates over 6,600 miles of thoroughly equipped road in Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Missouri, and the Upper Peninsula of Michigan.

It owns and operates all equipment in service on its lines, including Sleeping Cars, Parlor Cars, maintaining an excellence of service unequalled on any railway in the world.

It has been a Pioneer in the Northwest and west in the use of the block system in the operation of its trains, in the lighting of trains by electricity, heating by steam and many other progressive methods, which have added safety, comfort and luxury to travel. It is always the leader in that direction.

The Pioneer Limited Trains between Chicago, St. Paul and Minneapolis have the costliest and handsomest Sleeping Cars in the world and the best dining car service.

Time tables, maps and information furnished on application to F. A. Miller, Gen. Pass Agent, Old Colony Building, Chicago.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, Druggist, Shullsburg, Wis., writes, May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years and have never had a preparation that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle they come back for more. I can honestly recommend it. 25c, 50c and 1.00 at Dr. J. M. Jones'."

We wish you a happy New Year.

viaChimbains Stomach and Liver Tablets.

Try them When you feel dull after eating. When you have no appetite. When you have a bad taste in the mouth. When your liver is torpid. When your bowels are constipated. When you have a headache. When you feel bilious. They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach and regulate your liver and bowels. For sale by all druggists.

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds." J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A Bad Breath

stomach, path means a bad bad liver. Ayer's digestion, a liver pills. They cure are stipitation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache.

25c. All druggists.

Want your stomach or head a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the hair.

GEMS IN VERSE

Sweetest Baby.

Whose baby is the loveliest? Mother's own. All around the world—north, south, east, west—

Here alone! For whether it be a Chinese tot, With eyes aslant and a shaven crown, Or a dear little girl of the land of the free, Or a tottling prince in London town, Or the one rare treasure, a Sudan slave, Mugs to her breast, all we and brown, Each in its mother's gentle pride, Is fairer than all the world beside.

Whose mother is loved the best? Baby's own. She whose cheek was first caressed— She alone.

For whether she be an Eskimo Or colored mammy or stately queen, Or a wandering organ grinder's wife, Jingling and beating her tambourine, In every land where children are, The baby eyes from their deeps serene Are rapture bound by the tender gaze In the mother's bended, love lit face.

—Montreal Herald.

He Was Once a Boy on the Farm.

The man in the school where the ethics are taught, Professor of Latin and Greek, Can tell of the way life's battles are fought.

And fluent the words he will speak, But oft he is thinking of the valleys and hills.

The forest and meadow's sweet charm; Though high is the station today that he fills.

He once was a boy on the farm.

That man in the church who is preaching today, With power and purpose to save

The souls and the people who listened to pray, While gladly his message he gave, Remembers the lilies that grew in the dell.

The sparrow safe sheltered from harm, By the Master that now he is serving so well.

He once was a boy on the farm.

The man who is first in the halls of state, And versed in the laws of the land, Beloved by the people with honors so great.

His word is a power to command— Looks off to the mountains now mottled with green.

Then down at his muscular arm, And longs but again in the harvest to gleam.

He once was a boy on the farm.

That man who is chief of our armies to-day, Now guarding the lines of the west, Though looking with pride on his troops' bright array,

Has love for the farm in his breast. He thinks of the field where the daisies are white.

And sighs for the noisy alarm, Of the cock of the barnyard to vanquish the night.

He once was a boy on the farm.

—Ruth Raymond.

Hasan's Proverb.

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say, When aught went wrong or any labor failed,

"Tomorrow, friends, will be another day!" And in that faith he slept and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll.

Tomorrows fresh shall rise from out the night.

And new baptize the indomitable soul, With courage for its never ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquered till he yields, And yield he need not while, like mist, from glass,

God wipes the stain of life's old battle-fields.

From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,

O soul, thy cheerful creed. What's yesterday, With all its shards and wreck and grief to thee?

Forget it, now, for lies the victor's way.

—Christian Endeavor World.

Two Ways to Work.

One, harboring ambition, goes To tasks the lazy man would shun,

And if he governs men or hoes The days are all too short, he knows

No peace until his work is done, Until the goal he seeks is won.

Another, caring not to gain The glories waiting on the height,

Sits moaning over each little pain; He rests through every little rain

And, starting when the morning's bright, Begins to wish that it were night.

One sadly sees the setting sun, And views his day's work with a sigh;

Another drops his tools to run Nor cares how little he has done,

And people still go asking why Some men are down and some are high.

—S. E. Kiser in Chicago Record-Herald.

Scandal.

Far blacker than raven's wings, It crows and feeds on unclean things

Nor lets the shadow of a doubt Soften the lie it burrows out.

With tongue blades keener than a knife It probes the bleeding wounds of life,

Lays bare the motive and the deed, And carmines make from flower seed.

It mangles love and smears with lust Lilies of purity and trust,

Battens on sins of king or slave And fouls with slime a new made grave.

—W. H. Hayne in Independent.

They Call Me Strong.

They call me strong because my tears I shed where none may see,

Because I smile, tell merry tales and win the crowds to me.

They call me strong because I laugh to ease an aching heart,

Because I keep the sweet side out and hide the bitter part.

But, oh, could they who call me strong live but an hour with me

When I am wrung with grief in my Gethsemane!

They call me strong because I toil from early morn till late,

Well knowing there will be no smile to greet me at the gate.

They call me strong because I hie an inward pain with jest

And drive away the care that comes unbidden to my breast.

Perhaps 'tis strength, God knoweth best, he sent the cares to me,

And his not mine the strength that keeps through my Gethsemane!

—Los Angeles Herald.

The River of Rest.

A storied, sweet stream is the river of Rest,

And journey, of all time keep its ultimate West.

West, on east or journey you Unwilling or willing,

You surely will come to 'fated or sore Rest.

This beautiful, beautiful river of Rest.

—Joachim Miller.

The Extinct Quagga.

The quagga, the half cousin to the wild ass, has vanished from Africa and only exists as imperfect specimens in the European museums.

The quagga exists as a name still in South Africa, for the name has been wrongly applied to Burchell's zebra, but the true quagga, which took its name from its cry "quacha," has been extinct since 1872, when the last of his or, rather, of her race, for this quagga was a female, died in the London Zoological society's menagerie.

Its extinction in South Africa was due solely to the zeal with which the Dutch farmers hunted it for its hide, and it is a saddening reflection that thousands of Kafirs used to be fed on it by their Boer masters.

The idiotic wastefulness of thus exterminating a species becomes the more marked in view of the fact that the quagga, which was midway between a zebra and a wild ass, could be broken to harness and was the bravest as well as the hardiest of animals. Some Boer farmers used to keep tame quaggas on their farms to graze with horses in order to protect them from beasts of prey.

Love's Final Age.

"The last age of love in a man's life is the longest," says Dorothy Dix in Ainslee's. "This is peculiar to wealthy old men, and its most pronounced symptom is a mania for presenting diamonds and opening bottles for chorus girls, who call him papa. At other times in a man's life he has some slight misgivings about love being all conducted on a reciprocal basis, but when he reaches this age he throws fears to the winds. He knows he is loved for himself alone. The man at twenty-five doubts his power to win a woman's heart. The man of seventy-five is cocksure that he is a charmer nothing feminine can resist. He knows the ratio of his fascinations has increased with his advancing years, and he quarrels with his family, who are cruel enough to suggest that the debauche leads to the altar may have a weather eye on his wall."

"The last age of love is the most dangerous of them all and is generally fatal. In fact, love is like the measles—it is safest and goes easiest with a man when he has it early in life."

Tips in St. Petersburg.

Speaking of high prices, Henry Norman's book on Russia throws some interesting light on what it incidentally costs to visit St. Petersburg. To begin with, he tells us every house and hotel there contains a swarm of servants, and each one expects a tip. The man who takes your coat and hat at a private house thinks 10 cents little enough, and if you give a dollar or two to the attendant who performs the same modest service at an official residence he is only satisfied. The tips of a wealthy Russian to a waiter at a good restaurant are something enormous. A decent room in a first class hotel costs about \$4 a day, and a closed carriage to take you to dinner, ten minutes' drive away, costs \$5. A few sheets of note paper in your hotel costs you a shilling and the cheapest kind of a bath \$1. St. Petersburg is far and away the most expensive city in the world.

Bare Feet and Earth.

There is nothing like having both feet on the ground, says Medical Talk. If a man should go barefoot, the contact of his bare feet with the earth and his head projecting into the atmosphere would make a perfect electrical conductor, through which the electricity of the air would pass through his body to the earth. While no apparent harm is done, yet, being insulated from the electricity of the earth by wearing shoes, the electricity falls off his beneficial result. There can be no doubt that it would be better for everybody, especially nervous people, if their feet were on the ground instead of in shoes.

Ragpickers of Paris.

In Paris each house is provided by the city with a large box. Into this the servants throw all that is not needed by the family, whether of food or raiment. Every morning the chiffonniers, or ragpickers, are privileged to search through these boxes before the contents are carted by the city to distant fields, where the refuse is employed in fertilizing the soil. From the homes of the wealthy the poor receive many articles of real value. Fifty thousand ragpickers, say the statistics, realize \$10,000 daily from their pickings.

The Stingiest Man.

"I think the most penurious man I ever knew," remarked the man in the smock, "was old Hewigins. He smoked his cigars to the last half inch, chewed the stumps and used the ashes for snuff. But he wasn't satisfied even then and gave up the habit."

"What for?" asked the man with the big Adam's apple.

"He couldn't think of any way to utilize the smoke."—Chicago Tribune.

How It Happened.

The Passerby—But I really don't see how the study of aerial navigation could have impaired your eyesight.

The Mountebank—Maybe you didn't never stand watchin' no balloons when they started droppin' sand out— Brooklyn Life.

Brutes Can Speak.

"Do brutes have a language?" asked the president of the Millville Literary circle at a recent meeting.

"Do they?" replied the secretary.

"You ought to hear my husband when he loses his collar button."—

—Chicago Tribune.

A Dainty Lunch.

That word "dainty" never being used to describe the lunch spread for men, we have decided that it means there is food enough to eat.—Atchison Globe.

System With a System.

"I have nearly run my legs off going about a department store making purchases for my wife," said the man with the bundles. "I believe that I was directed to six different parts of the establishment for each article I bought. I was sent upstairs, downstairs, across the shop, along the aisle and from one point to another, just as though nobody knew where anything was."

"You evidently don't understand the system," suggested his friend.

"Indeed I don't. If it is a system, it is beyond my understanding," he answered.

"Well, it is a system that is not without method," replied the other. "You did not realize it, but it was a great exhibition of stock for your benefit. It would have been a great deal of trouble to have seated you on one of the revolving stools and brought all of the goods in the store and paraded them in front of you; so you were started off and directed from place to place so as to make a tour of the establishment and get a general view of the goods in each department. Do you see the advertising scheme?"

"I believe that you are right, my boy, for that is the only rational explanation of the proceeding."—New York Herald.

Great Word Building Contest.

See how many words you can make out of the letters given below. Do not use any other letters save those given. You can use proper names, improper names, verbs, nouns, adjectives, prepositions, conjunctions and articles. Do not use any one letter more than eight times in one word. Use only nice words. Here are the letters:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

Here is your chance! See who can get up the largest lists of words by using these letters according to the rules of the contest. For the first largest number of words sent in a postpaid envelope with the words on a separate sheet of paper, a prize of \$100 will be awarded; to the second largest number, an elastic glass bottle; to the third, a pound of medicated pastry.

Every guess must be accompanied by a coupon from a 4 per cent government bond.—New York Telegraph.

The Ancient Hour.

The early Egyptians divided the day and night each into twelve hours, a custom adopted by the Jews or the Greeks probably from the Babylonians. The day is said to have first been divided into hours from B. C. 263, when a sundial was erected in the temple of Quirinus at Rome. Previous to the invention of water clocks, B. C. 158, the time was called at Rome by public criers. In early England one expedient of measuring time was by wax candles, three inches burning an hour. The first perfect mechanical clock was not made until about A. D. 1290. Day began at sunrise among most of the northern nations, at sunset among the Athenians and Jews, at midnight among the Romans, as with us.

Witty Retorts.

When the celebrated physician Sir Henry Holland told Sydney Smith that he had failed to kill either one of a brace of pheasants that had risen with in easy range near the latter's home, the witty divine asked, "Why did you not prescribe for them?"

One day Sir Henry was engaged in a hot argument with "Robins" Smith, a barrister, concerning the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Sir Henry, "that your profession does not make angels of men." "No," retorted Smith, "there you have the best of it."

Took Her Literally.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was once giving a piece of advice to a roomful of young men in a little village on the subject of matrimony. "When you marry," she said, "choose a woman with a spine and a sound set of teeth." "Good gracious, Mrs. Stanton," remarked one of her listeners in alarm, "do they ever come without spines?"

Bad Spelling.

One of the causes to which the prevalence of bad spelling among the rising generation is attributed is the fact that the modern Roman method of pronouncing Latin gives no direct indication of the pronunciation of the English derivatives and so no clue to their spelling, as the English sound of Latin words did when it was used.

Overheard in the Garden of Eden.

"You are a nasty, mean, horrid old thing, so there!" exclaimed Eve.

"I suppose next you will threaten to go home to mamma," taunted Adam.

Then, realizing the bitterness of nature's handicap, Eve burst into tears.—Philadelphia Record.

The Wife.

"Suppose I were an absolutely perfect woman," she remarked sharply.

"Do you know what you'd do then?"

"No," answered her husband.

"What?"

"You'd growl because you had nothing to growl about."

Very Willing.

"You asked her father for her hand?"

"Yes."

"And he refused you?"

"No, he didn't. He said I could have both of them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Is One as Bad as the Other?

"Poverty is no disgrace," said the young woman with ideas of her own.

"No," said Mrs. Chumrocks, "it's no disgrace, but it certainly is extremely unfashionable."—Washington Star.

Unreasonable.

Damascus is undoubtedly the oldest existing city in the world. Bonares and Constantinople, exclusive of Chinese towns, come next in point of age.

Chinese Anatomy.

Chinese physicians have some notions in regard to human anatomy. The truth is they know nothing of anatomy as that word is understood by American physicians, their point of authority on the subject being a book entitled "Neijing," of which Iang Ti, who lived from 2697 to 2597 B. C., is said to be the author.

According to Chinese physicians, the human heart occupies almost the position as is assigned by European and American physicians to the stomach and bile, they maintain, has origin in the back of the head. It also claim that a human being has bones, which correspond to the days of the year; that a man has twelve ribs and a woman fourteen; that a man's skull is composed of six and a woman's six pieces.

Moreover, they say that in every human body there are twenty-two parts which are important and fifty-six which are unimportant, and they lay great stress on the necessity of taking good care of the important parts.

Korean Schools.

In Korean schools the master is dressed in white, generally wears spectacles and always has a rod in order that the child may not be spoiled. He gathers his flock around him in the most fatherly manner and deals at justice with an unsparring hand, the scholars are dressed in their best, but must study without their shoes. The latter are kept in sight of the master at all times. The course of study is very extensive to look at, but it is not so to study the Korean language through the medium of Chinese I must be confessed that the beginning of a course is difficult. The scholar first taught the name and meaning of Chinese characters and then their meaning in Korean, just as though he were obliged to learn English through the medium of the Greek alphabet. Students keep up a steady droning as each one goes on repeating portions of the tasks aloud, regardless of what is going on round him.

Ants' Magnetic Nests.

Port Darwin, in South Australia, boasts of some of the most remarkable ants' nests in the world. They are known as "magnetic" nests, for the simple reason that they are wrought exception built in a due north and south direction. Consequently traveler journeying through the district in which they abound may readily find his course by their aid. No living man knows why these tiny architects build them in this way. They are mere out of the many marvels of the ant world "down under." It seems, however, probable that instinct leads these tiny creatures to so construct their dwellings that the fierce monsoons shall have the least possible effect on their interiors.

Talking Through the Body.

To talk through a human body is a row of human bodies, for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of telepathic feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, far apart, it is quite possible for individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.

A Woman's Heart.

Let men trouble to win the hand of woman unless they win with the nature's passion of her heart. Else may be their miserable fortune who some mightier touch than their own may have awakened all their sensibilities to be reproached even for the content, the marble image of loveliness, which they will have imposed on her as the warm reality. Hawthorne.

For Two Reasons.

Neighbor—Did that artist who boarded with you paint your doors a win-dows?

Farmer—He did not. At first he refused to do such common work, and after I had seen one of his pictures I refused to let him do it.

Politics.

"You can never tell what will turn up in politics," observed the warder.

"Yes, and that isn't the worst of it," rejoined the ex-candidate, "you can never tell who will be turned up."

Unreasonable.

Customer—I want a shoe that is both comfortable and stylish.

Shopman—I'm very sorry, madam, but the age of miracles is past.

DR. THORP'S
Black-Draught
has been used for more than
fifty years. For the common
family ailments, such as constipation,
indigestion, hard colds, bronchitis,
coughs, chills and fever, biliousness,
headaches and other like
complaints no other medicine is
so sure. It invigorates and
regulates the liver, assists digestion,
stimulates action of the kidneys,
purifies the blood, and purges the
bowels of foul accumulations. It
cures liver complaint, indigestion,
stomach, dizziness, chills,
rheumatic pains, sideache, back-
ache, kidney troubles, constipation,
dermatitis, biliousness, piles, hard
colds and headache. Every drug-
gist has Thorp's Black-Draught
in 15-cent packages and in man-
ual size for \$1.00. Never accept
substitutes. Insist on having the
original made by the Chattanooga
Medicine Company.

Believe Thorp's Black-Draught
is the best medicine of earth. It is
good for any and everything. I have
a family of twelve children, and for
forty years I have kept them on foot
healthy with no doubt but Black-
Draught. A. J. GREEN, Newark, La.

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S. H. Gove,